

WHITE CAPS

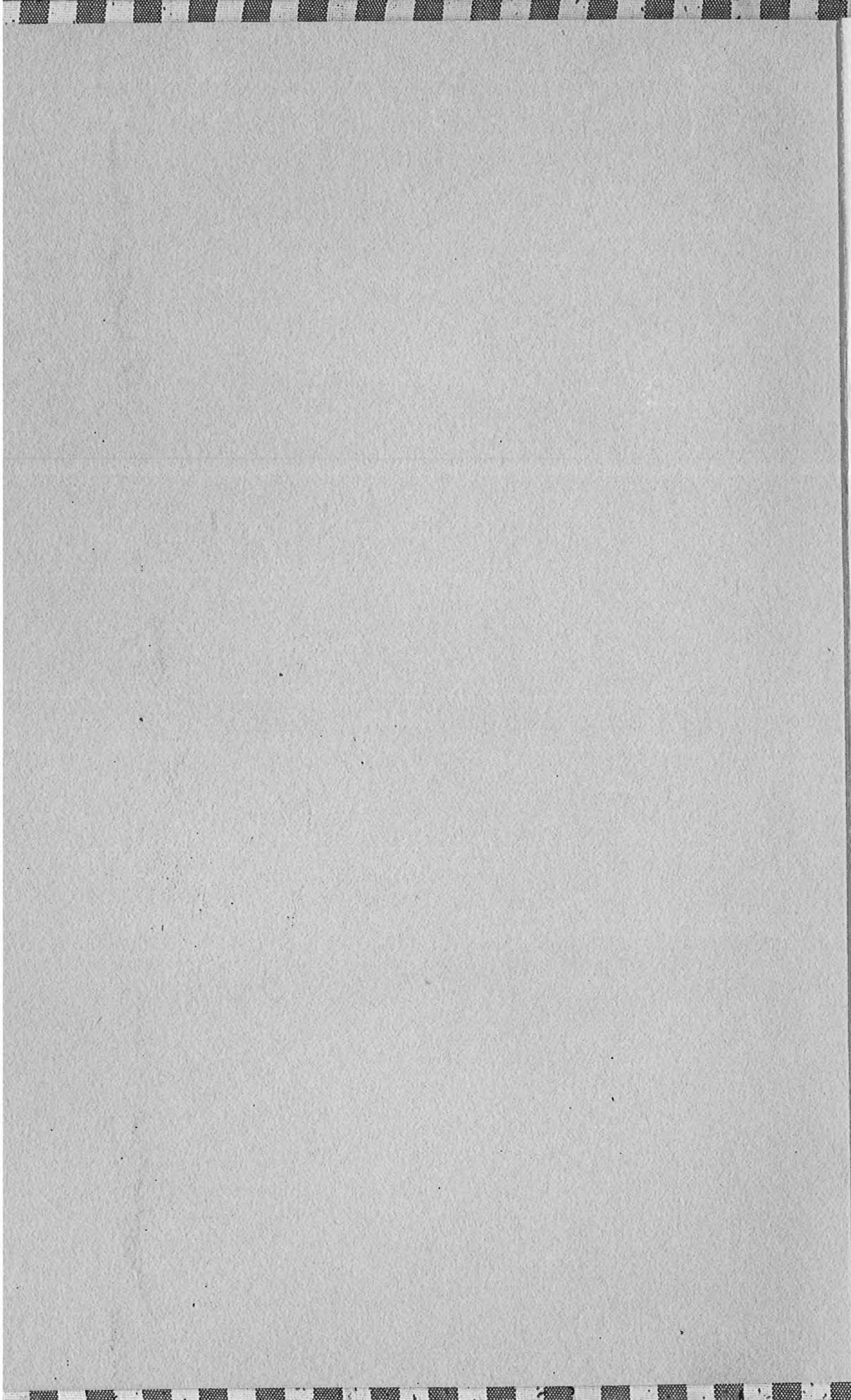


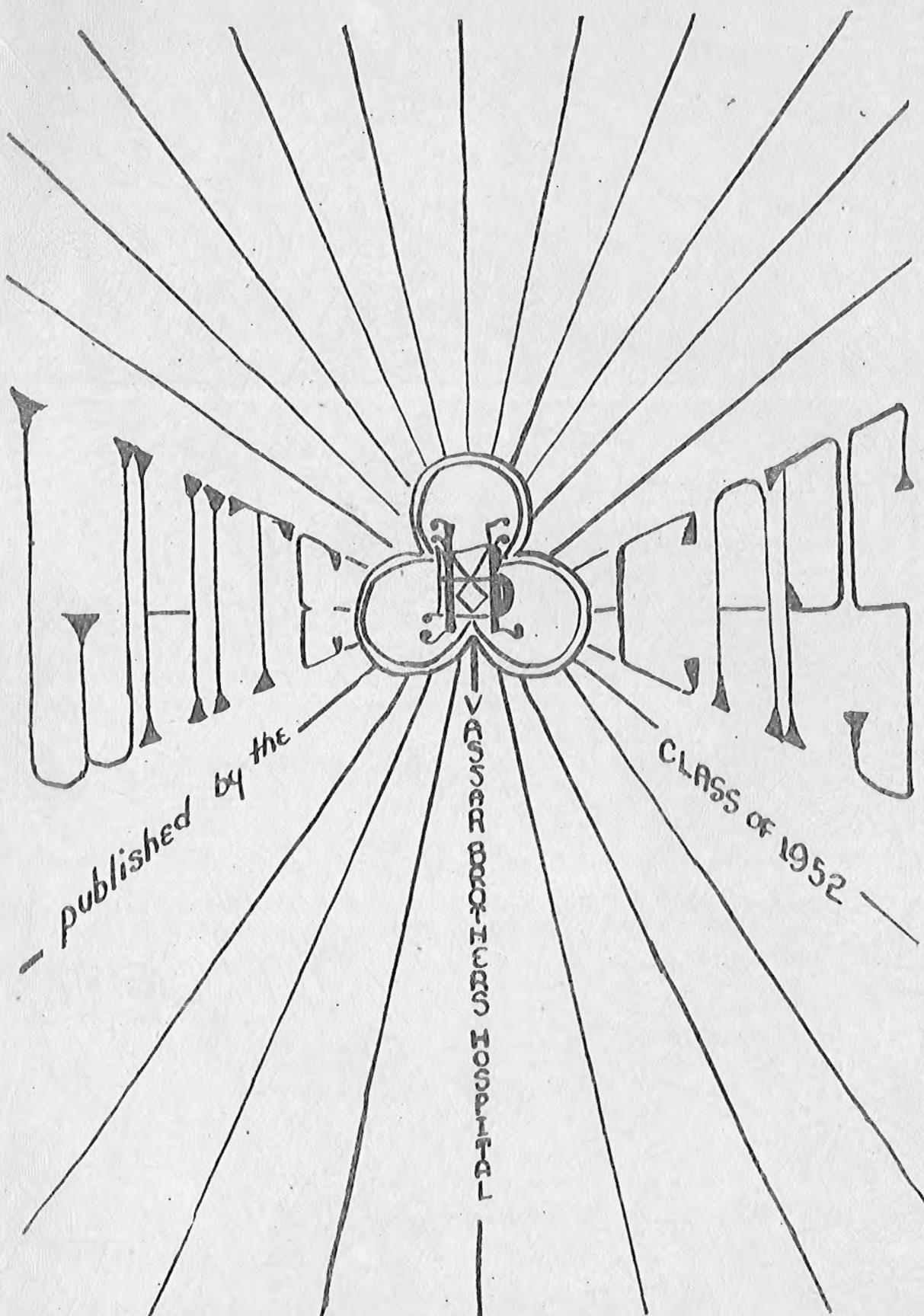
1952



K. Kenning

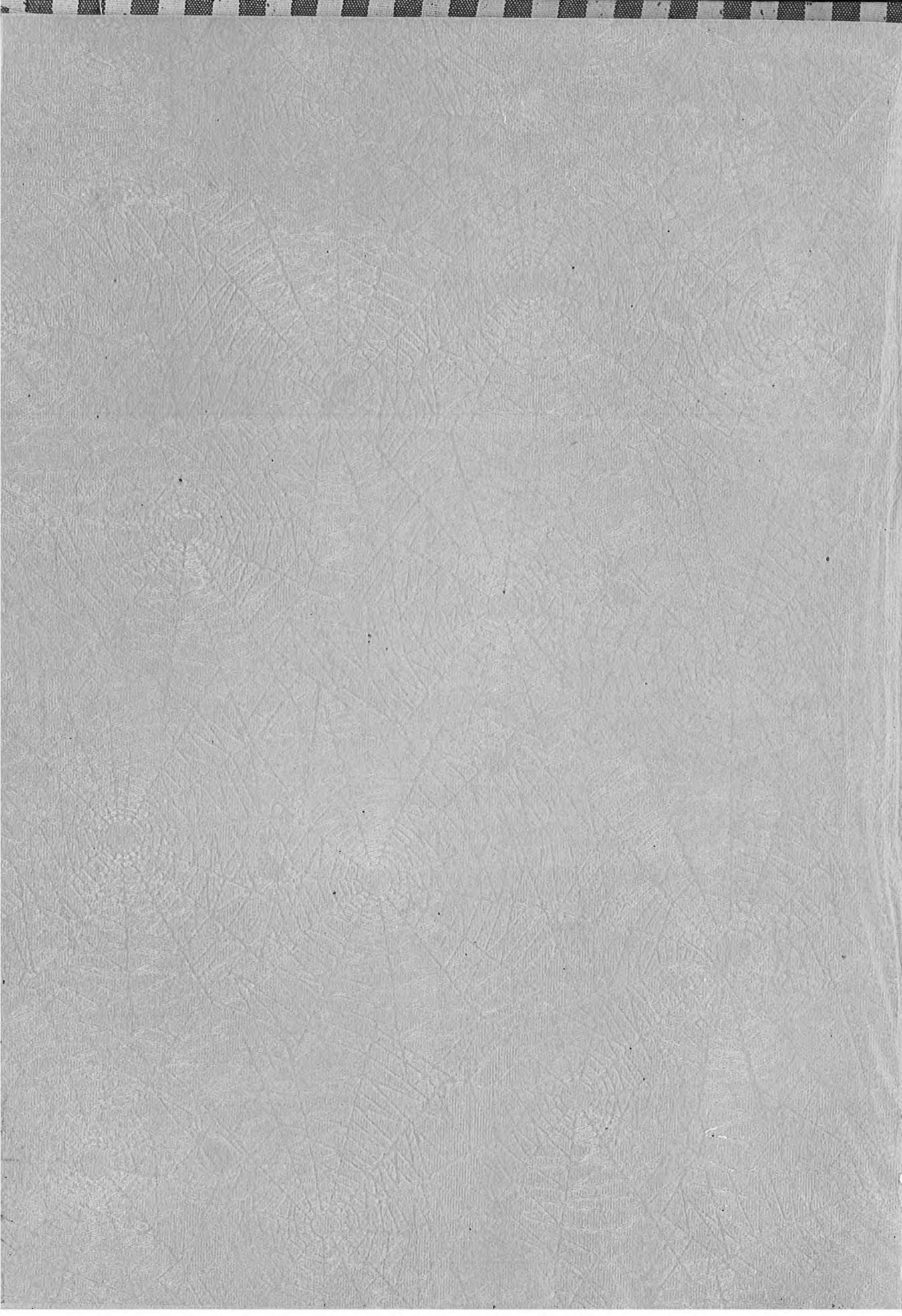


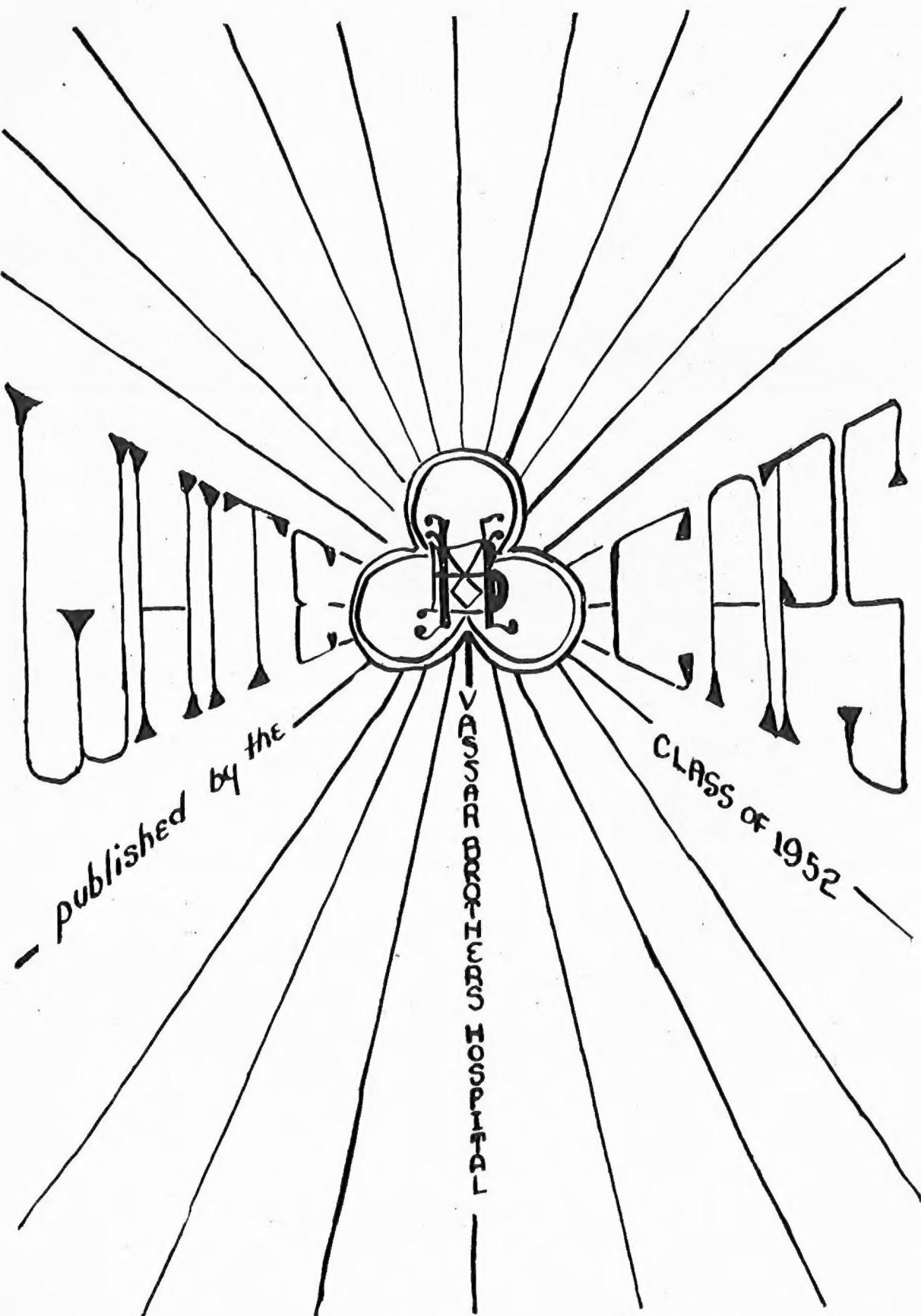




— published by THE
WHITE CLOUD HIGH SCHOOL —

CLASS OF 1952





published by the
CLASS OF 1952

DEDICATION



Miss Cynthia Van Ackoooy

Mrs. Josephine Riley

WE, THE CLASS OF 1952, dedicate this year book, our last project at Vassar Brothers' Hospital to Cynthia VanAckoooy and Josephine Riley, our class advisors.

In our three years of association with them, they gave us more than guidance and friendship. Their greatest contribution was the one of which they were probably least conscious. By example, they have given us an ideal after which we may proudly pattern our professional lives.





Director of Nursing

As you, the recent graduates, leave Vassar Brothers Hospital School of Nursing, your Alma Mater, you take with you the sacrifices of the pioneers, the scientific perseverance of your predecessors and the pride of a profession with high standards and loyal respect for its ethics.

Nursing is a profession in which one voluntarily devotes oneself to the art of caring for the ill — a calling which requires special knowledge of particular skills and constant recognition of high technical and ethical standards.

As student nurses, you are trained in these skills and you are helped in developing personality attributes necessary for professional acceptance. Humility, loyalty, honesty, perseverance and use of sound judgment are a few of these many qualities.

May all of your ambitions and ideals be realized and may you be as proud of your chosen profession as the many who have gone before you.

Isabel H. Christiana

EXECUTIVE FACULTY



MRS. ISABEL H. CHRISTIANA
Director of Nursing
Graduate of Columbia Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing
Winthrop University for Women, A.B.



MRS. KATHRYN E. HENNING
Assistant Director of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital School of Nursing



MISS JEAN L. DAVIDSON
Night Supervisor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital School of Nursing

TEACHING STAFF



MISS SARA L. SWEET
Director of Nursing Education
Graduate of Newton Hospital School of Nursing
Mount Holyoke College A.B.



MISS EDITH L. LINDBERG
Instructor of Nursing Arts
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital School of Nursing



MISS JANE SECOR
Science Instructor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital School of Nursing
Syracuse University A.B.



MISS CYNTHIA VAN ACKOOIJ
Asst. Instructor of Nursing Arts
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital School of Nursing



MISS ELISABETH PUCCIO
Relief Supervisor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital School of Nursing



MISS VALEDIA ALLEN
Assistant Night Supervisor
Graduate Burbank Hospital Fitchburg, Mass.

OUR INTERNS 1951-52
GREAT MINDS IN THE PROCESS of DEVELOPEMENT



Walter Verstille



Dr. Marga Rottemoser



Alberto Kalmus, M.D.



J. Szwiecki, M.D.



R. Gai Pitman, M.D.



Allan Ellis, M.D.



DR. Marshall



Peter Goode, M.D.

OUR DOCTORS — 1951-1952

"All pain is forgotten at the gentle touch of their hands."





In Appreciation

In appreciation, the class of 1952
Would like to thank each one of you;
For the assistance and guidance, that we have received
And for the fact that in us, you all believed.
Our days as students are now very few
And to repeat what we said, we want to thank you
Including the Hospital Staff, every one
without whose aid we could never have won.
And so you can see it here in type,
Special thanks to Miss Sweet, our Yearbook's guiding light
We could go on and mention all.
But for that, our Yearbook is much too small
So I guess we'll close without adieu
But we'll never forget any one of you.

White Caps



Marguerite Jean Abdoo

"BIDOO"

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"Flight of the Bumblebee"

What am I going to do with my hair?
— my Carlie — oh! Miss Abdoo, how
you exaggerate — the most horrible thing
just happened — songbird — that fabu-
lous wardrobe — don't forget to get me
up.

*"The soul of an artist and the ability of
a leader".*

Eleanor Mae Ackerman

"ACK"

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night"

You're lucky I'm so good natured —
who, why, what, where and when? —
who's got a butt? — and that good-
looking Marine — black hair and blue
eyes — gullible — my new symptom —
"Sincerity as durable as sterling".



Class of 1952

Minnie Joan Andrews

"ANDY"

CLOVE VALLEY, NEW YORK

"It's a Sin to Tell a Lie"

Don't you believe me? — that startled look — another cigarette burn — He's in the Army now — the raised eyebrow — Vassar's seen the last of the Andrews sisters — Andrews' Hand Laundry —

"To know her is to love her".



Rosemarie Irene Becchetti

"RE"

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"Don't Look at Me That Way"

Hungry? I got fruit — the name's Becchetti, not spaghetti — we've got to get up at six — perpetually good-humored — I've got one bad ear — her relatives — sincere —

"We love the Sunshine of Your Smile".

Kathryn Marie Castellano

"KATHY"

HIGHLAND, NEW YORK

"My Dreams are Getting Better all the Time"

Katherine Cornell with a Brooklyn accent — the future — aw gee — rushing every night to get ready for that date — Naive? — who wants to press my clothes for 50c — I'm just wasting away —

"A personality that glides smoothly down the road of life".



Ruthann Bernadette Caul

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"Old-Fashioned Girl"

Class president — those week-ends at good old Monroe — petite — early to bed, early to rise — long walks — those poems from Mom — idealist and perfectionist — innocence seasoned with mischief —

"Sugar and spice and everything nice, that's what our little girl is made of".



White Caps



Caroline Elizabeth Diamond

"CAROL"

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"Time Waits For No One"

A flit and a flutter — murder mysteries
— Home Town Frolics — how about a
cup of coffee? — her canine collection
— perpetual motion — I'm gonna let
my hair grow —

"Determination is her guiding light".

Shirley Louise Dobbs

"DOBBSIE"

ELIZAVILLE, NEW YORK

"Happy Holiday"

What is it with you? — luscious spaghetti and meat-balls — don't turn on that light! — sleeping in class — that formal with Pete — case study blues —
"Many individuals have, like uncut diamonds, shining qualities beneath a rough exterior".



Class of 1952

White Caps



Evelyn Dobrydnio

"EVIE"

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

"Ain't She Sweet?"

My Aunt (with the accent) — sweet and sincere — loves a huge breakfast — golly! — packages from home — did I get a phone call tonight? —

"She speaks with everyone and talks about no one".

Joan-Marie Greenhalgh

"JOANARIE"

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

"You're So Dear to my Heart"

Black shoe polish and blond hair — Honey Bun — constantly singing in the shower — class character — what accent shall I use tonight? — blacked out teeth — built for comfort, not for speed — *"A zest for life that is contagious".*



Class of 1952

Eileen House

"HOUSIE"

OTISVILLE, NEW YORK

"I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm"

Don't speak before breakfast — those remarks and that look — the infectious laugh — faithful correspondent — don't think so — Do you like it parted in the middle? — "Little" Miss Efficiency —

"Dreams in her heart that shine in her eyes".



Marilyn Anne Kearney

JEFFERSON VALLEY, NEW YORK

"Prisoner of Love"

Do you know what? — salt and pepper shakers — my operation — trips to New York — baby talk — Rm. 306 Curio Shop — y'need some cigarettes? — the district politician —

"If you need it and she's got it — it's yours".

Patricia Louise Kruse

"PAT"

MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK

"A Good Man Nowadays is Hard to Find"

You're kidding! — "Kristina from the old country" — good-natured — our southpaw — memories of Little Old New York — "let's stay up all night" — president of the Coffee Club —

"Womanly qualities, artistic talents, and a true friend".



Patricia Ann Marchman

"PENNY"

SALISBURY, CONN.

"Pretty Baby"

Ski week-ends — he's an awfully nice boy — Colorado bound — three alarm clocks and always late — and the curl is natural — her brother Bing — 3 a.m. chit-chats — versatility —

"Her enthusiasm and vitality make her nearness a pleasure".

White Caps



Emma Jane McCord

"EMMIE LOU"

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"Thou Swell, Thou Witty"

Our comedian — the breadbox — Carmen — will you listen? — come on kids — Daddy's little girl — can hypnotize you — my Morton's toe — as alive as a high tension wire —

"A girl whose heart and friendship holds no bounds".

Alice Marie Medeck

"AL"

WAPPINGERS FALLS, NEW YORK

"Charlie My Boy"

Class brain — illegible hand-writing — good-hearted — always rushing to go some place — back and forth to Fort Dix — my hair! — 14 page letters — think I've gained any weight? — vitamins — my hope chest —

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill".



Class of 1952

White Caps



Regina Nowick

"REGIE"

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine"

Never in — I always talk loud! —attractive — car troubles — our model couple — 400 bobby-pins, H.S. O.N. — Miss Cupid —

"She will always be wealthy in her friends".

Thelma Rose Rahm

"THEL"

MARLBORO, NEW YORK

"With a Song in My Heart"

Laugh, I thought I'd die — have to buy a new pair of shoes — where there's relief, there's Thelma — do you see caput? — mild hysteria — look how much weight I've lost — congenial — *"Good humor makes all things tolerable".*



Class of 1952

Barbara Ann Reed

"RUD"

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"I'm in Love Again"

Those eyes — which one tonight? —
golf lessons — well now, I wanna tell
you — yes, I guess so — what's life
without peanut butter? — "Poodle?" —

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever".



Virginia Maria Sanchez

"GINNY"

COMERIO, PUERTO RICO

"South of The Border"

The constant chatter — will somebody
fold my cap? — that delirious accent —
generosity plus — conscientious — good
things in little packages —

*"Though a newcomer, she has found a
special place in our hearts".*

Barbara Shirley Scerebini

"BINK"

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes"

Class tease — ping-pong champ — Cape Cod vacations — my mom — my operation — hieroglyphic hand-writing — perfect business woman — why do I always meet them just before they ship out? — wintertime sun-tans —

"A source of innocent merriment".



Jeanne Somerville

"NEAN"

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"Sweet and Lovely"

Collector of paintings by R. Quick — 13 months on one argyle — did I tell you about my nephew? — favorite pastime: window shopping for furniture — barefoot girl — dry humor —

"Competence, humor, and a tranquil mind".



White Caps



Dolores Jean Stout

"DUC"

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"Dancing in the Dark"

Our lot in Fishkill — class vice-president
— I love jellybeans! — greets the day
with a smile — soap 'n water gal —
got a joke to tell you — dreams of a
summer without poison ivy —

"Laugh and the world laughs with you".

Lillian May Strong

"LIL"

MILTON, NEW YORK

"I'm Just Wild about Harry"

Athletic — those unexpected corsages —
Sleeping Beauty — neatness plus —
Well! — cosmetics, ugh! — class photo-
grapher — nimble thimble — needs no
microphone — Now, Elaine —

"Success will bless whate'er you do".



Class of 1952

White Caps



Elaine Marie Swenson

"LANEY"

STAATSBURG, NEW YORK

"Girl of My Dreams"

Absent-minded — I just won't study at home — she was a good speller in high school — flustered — a world of her own —

"Her sweetness goes far and is given generously".

Doris Muriel Tompkins

"TOMMIE"

LAKE MOHEGAN, NEW YORK

"How Many Hearts Have You Broken?"

We've got to brush our teeth now — I'll give you a clue — cowboy music — the \$5 checks from home — whoop de doo and away we go — knitting authority —

"Wit is the salt of conversation".



Class of 1952

Joyce Arlene Wacker

"JOYCE"

WAPPINGERS FALLS, NEW YORK

*"I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out
of My Hair"*

Our West Point belle — her collections
— my brother — never without a date
— supports the U. S. Post Office —
"Petite but effervescent".



Eloise Jane Weinheimer

"CUDDLES"

LITTLE FALLS, NEW YORK

"Cuddle Up a Little Closer"

What? — class treasurer — sleepy-time
gal — cleanliness personified — twinkly
eyes — in my hometown — pickles and
limburger cheese from home —

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
an excellent thing in a woman".*

Joan Estelle Williams

"JOANI"

Poughkeepsie, New York

"Sheik of Araby"

Did Slim call? — creative — sophisticated lady — cat-naps in classes — the well-dressed bowler — 7 layer cakes — who else could have a fire-escape fall on her head? — anyone for Canasta?

"There is no cosmetic for beauty like happiness."



Lest We Forget

ROSE D'ADAZZIO

JEAN ERHARD

PATRICIA SHERMAN

MATILDA DIXON

SUSAN MANGIAMELE

IOLETA STEMMLER

ESTHER DRUM

BARBARA MILLER

DELORES VAN VLACK

VERONICA EGAN

ZOE NIEL

CLASS MOTTO—*Let us so live, as to be blessed by lives that are touched by ours.*

CLASS COLORS
SCARLET AND WHITE

CLASS SONG
BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON

CLASS FLOWER
AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

Beyond the blue horizon,
Shines a beautiful day.
Farewell to things that bore us,
Joy is waiting for us.
We see a new horizon
Our life has only begun.
Beyond the blue horizon
Shines a rising sun.





"Mr. In-Between"

INTERMEDIATE CLASS

JANET MCGHEE, *President*

GLADYS WENDOVER, *Vice President.*

EVELYN SEATON, *Secretary*

JOANN QUICK, *Treasurer*

It has been nearly two years now since we arrived at V. B. H.. Our first and adventurous year passed with great speed — we advanced from blue smocks to stripes, then on to bibs and caps. Soon after capping, we began specialized services to gain more knowledge and experience to lead us to our goal.

Accompanying our work, have been other activities in which we have enjoyed participating. Selling candy, giving food sales and parties are examples of the fun we have had together.

Many of us have already completed our affiliations at Babies' Hospital and Hudson River State Hospital and those remaining are looking forward to going.

Two-thirds of our training period has passed and nursing is already a great part of our lives. As we see the graduating class go out into the world, it becomes a reality, that we will one day soon, join them. We wish them all luck, success, and may God be with them.



"There's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding"

JUNIOR CLASS

BARBARA CLINA, *President*

CAMILLE BARBUTI, *Vice President*

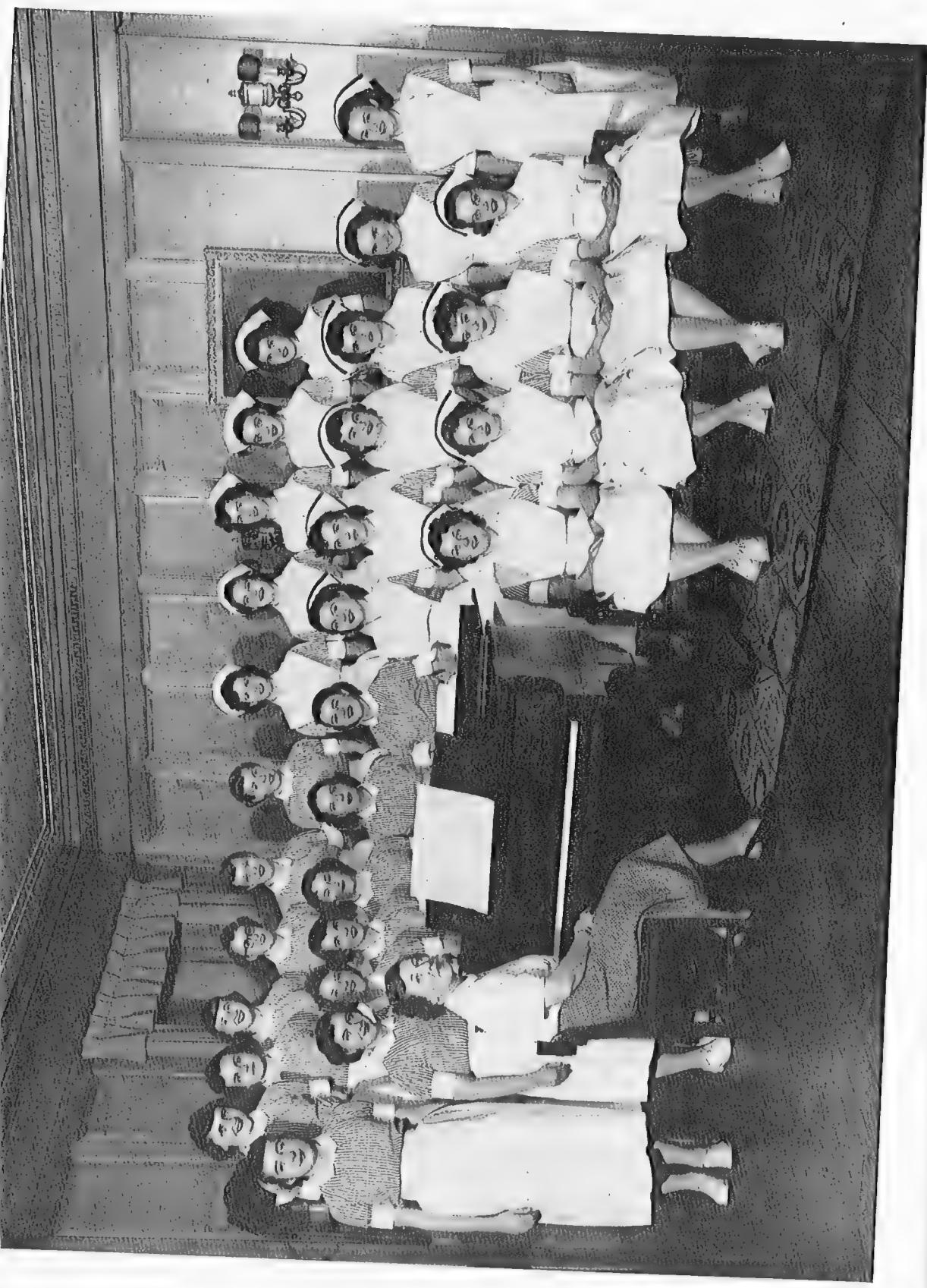
JEAN HITSMAN, *Secretary*

EVELYN REEDER, *Treasurer*

In September, 1951, forty-four young women, bewildered but with hearts filled with hope for the future, entered training at Vassar Brothers Hospital. We moved into New Tower upon arriving and were very proud of our beautiful surroundings.

With the start of classes on September 10, we settled down to the routine of hard studying, realizing that our goal was to get capped — and in the near future to become registered nurses. As this desire mounted in our hearts, we worked hard on our studies and in October started ward duty, really beginning to feel like a functioning part of VBH. In November, we cast off our blue smocks and began showing our new blue and white stripes. With the coming of December, we all looked forward to our Christmas and New Year holidays with our families. This time came and went quickly and before we realized it, we were starting a new year. This year has brought us several things, capping being the first, then being juniors, and in the fall, the realization that we have been student nurses for a year.

With all the success we have achieved, we realize that we have much ahead of us, but with the guidance of the members of the faculty, we are confident of reaching our goal with honors.





STUDENT COUNCIL

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

First Row: ALICE MEDECK, JOY FERGUSON, *Secretary*, BARBARA REED, *President*, and RUTHANN CAUL.

Second Row: LILLIAN STRONG, JOAN-MARIE GREENBALGH, MRS. MARGUERITE EVANS, EVELYN DOBRYDNIO, and MARILYN KEARNEY.



GLEE CLUB

MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC

Singing has been one of our most enjoyable pastimes. With the aid of Mr. Charles Terry, director, and Mrs. Donald Tongue, accompanist, the glee club has been a complete success. We have sung at Luckey's Christmas program, DeLaval radio hour, capping and graduation. Glee club practices in Old Tower Home will be remembered by all. We wish to thank Mrs. Cook, who contributes to our alto section and represents the Women's Auxiliary, the sponsors of this program.

White Caps Staff

Blood, Sweat and Tears



MARGUERITE JEAN ABDOO



CO-EDITORS

PATRICIA KRUSE



LITERARY
EMMA JANE McCORD

CIRCULATION
DOLORES STOUT

YEARBOOK ADVISER
SARA SWEET

ADVERTISING
RUTHANN CAUL

BUSINESS
BARBARA SCEREBINI

PHOTOGRAPHY
LILLIAN STRONG
JOAN WILLIAMS

ART
PATRICIA MARCHMAN

Last Will and Testament

"Forever and Ever"

WE THE CLASS OF 1952, of Vassar Brothers Hospital, situated in the city of Poughkeepsie, being of sound mind and body, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament.

- TO MRS. GANNON: we leave our keychains from HRSH.
- TO J. QUICK: Alice Medeck's concealed outboard motor.
- TO THE MEDICAL LIBRARY: Eleanor Ackerman's symptomatology.
- TO THE JUNIOR CLASS: Joan Andrews' ability to fold a VBH cap.
- TO THE FRONT OFFICE: Rosemarie Becchetti's relatives numerous admissions.
- TO DR. GOODE: Kathryn Castellano's use of the "American" language.
- TO SHIRLEY JONES: Ruthann Caul's love of a good argument.
- TO NEXT YEAR'S SENIORS: Shirley Dobbs leaves a slightly used blue band.
- TO H. BURHANS: Carol Diamond's love of long hair.
- TO THE TREASURY: Joan Marie Greenhalgh leaves a "buck-t-ree-eighty".
- TO PHIL SPITALNEY AND HIS ALL GIRL ORCHESTRA: we leave Marilyn Kearney and her ukelele.
- TO THE AMBULANCE DRIVERS: Penny Marchman leaves her love of the open road.
- TO ALL HUNGRY STUDENTS: Emma Jane McCord leaves her grocery supply.
- TO DR. SOBEL: Jean Abdoo bequeaths her head of hair.
- TO THE P. A. SYSTEM: Regie Nowik's carrying tones.
- TO DR. Michels: Thelma Rahms boisterous laughter.
- TO L. LYONS: Virginia Sanchez' gift of gab.
- TO P. McNally: Duc Stouts out-spoken manner
- TO THE SEWING ROOM: Lil Strong's embroidery work.
- TO M. SACHTLEBEN: Eloise Weinheimer's adipose tissue.
- TO DR. SAWICKA: Joan Williams leaves her blond hair.
- TO D. MORLEY: Joyce Wacker leaves her weekends at West Point.
- TO ALL FUTURE STUDENTS: Evelyn Dobrydnio leaves her pleasing manner.
- TO D. DUPREE: Eileen House leaves her letter writing ability.
- TO THE X-RAY DEPARTMENT: Barbara Scerebini leaves her "lordosis".
- TO MISS LINDBERG: Elaine Swenson leaves her carefree manner.
- TO ALL MONEY MAD STUDENTS: Pat Kruse leaves her interest in "The Time Savers".
- TO THE O.R. STAFF: Doris Tompkins leaves her numerous minor operations.
- TO THE DENTAL CLINIC: Jeanne Somerville leaves her toothpaste smile.
- TO OLD TOWER FICTION LIBRARY: we leave Barbara Reed's "Love Life."

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we set our hand and seal on this, the 11th day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifty-two.

Signed, Class of 1952

Witnesses—

Dean Martin
Jerry Lewis

Raising
the roof with
Carrie!

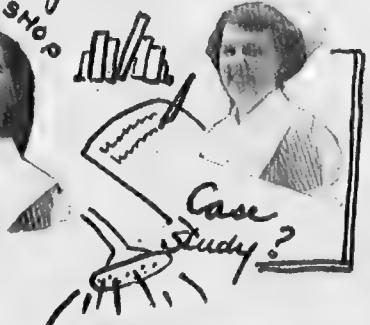


Coffee's on!



OLD TOWER

at Kearney's
CURIO SHOP



Soap'n water Queens



The Canasta
Club



And go to work
again!



Be right out —

Our Chicken Supper



"MEMORIES"

"The September Song"—did you ever stop to think what it really means? To 39 young women in 1949 it meant more than just pretty words put to music. It symbolized the beginning of a new life which was to start on a crisp fall day, September 6, 1949. It was the beginning of a period which held in store many heartbreaks, much happiness and the final attainment of maturity which could not yet be found on those shining faces.

The first obstacle to be placed in the path was preclinical training. All were outfitted in blue smocks of various and sundry sizes and given enough books to completely stock any medical library. But with a determined glint in their eyes, they set forth to conquer the world. In the residence at night, the now familiar strains "Home" could be heard, as their thoughts turned to places dear to their heart, for homesickness is a common ailment among preclinical students. But there were good times to remember also; midnight chats, continual eating between meals and laughter provoked by the class clowns which is a soothing balm to any heartache.

Life was at last beginning to settle down to a normal pace. At least they could tell orderlies from doctors and that was something, wasn't it? Listening to the Seniors relate their experiences was very fascinating, but they were never certain whether the tales were one hundred percent true, and if they were, they didn't seem quite true. And finally the arrival of the long awaited blue stripes, and aprons and they began to look like student nurses.

Then in December "Winter Wonderland" came out in full regalia at the Christmas formal. Up until now social life had been rather dim due to study hours and limited privileges. But the merriment this class could produce in a nurses' home could make any average girl tired enough to sleep a full eight hours.

At last the moment for which they had been preparing themselves for six months was nearing—*Capping*. Many are called but few are chosen, so a few familiar faces left the fold to seek other fields. A time long to be remembered, proud families gazing upon young women pledging themselves to Florence Nightingale's oath. Their caps which were worn proudly were now to become a familiar part of their lives. Each heartbeat seemed to sing out the rhythm—"I'm a big girl now". It was a time for celebrating and a sport dance was held to commemorate the passing of the first milestone.

From then on, the days seemed to speed by. No longer just faces and names, these girls became a functioning part of the hospital. Early summer found them starting their specialized services. First came the operating room with its new but definitely fascinating work. The awe in which this white and antiseptic place held was at first spellbinding but soon it became as familiar as any ward. It was here that the students found the real use of the drug "Lysol". The next step was the diet

kitchen where cooks are made. Here we sang "If I'd Known You were Coming, I'd have Baked a Cake". A little experimentation was needed to bring out this hidden talent, but it shone forth as did the extra poundage, when this service was finished. Then to Obstetrics where these girls who were rapidly maturing to women, became a part of the miracle of birth. The first delivery was talked about for days after, and was an experience never to be forgotten. They went about their work humming, "A Girl for Me, a Boy for You".

Then a flurry of excitement began as they packed everything they could cram into their suitcases and left for their pediatric affiliations in New York. It was a grand new experience, but oh, so lonesome. From the 4th floor of Maxwell Hall came the slightly off key tune, "We're Poor Little Lambs who have Lost their Way". At this same time, some girls were at Vassar College Nursery School singing the children to sleep with "Rock-a-Bye Baby". Then for the most fascinating affiliation of all, Hudson River State Hospital and psychiatric training. Psychoanalysis was used on all friends and relatives and proved interesting. The song popular at this time was "Far away Places," and "Strange Sounding Names," as the students found this campus larger than any they had seen. Social life this year was more satisfying, for as the burden of classes was lightened, ways of increasing the class treasury were thought of. So a spaghetti supper was held. Next came an informal dance but with a real orchestra, which was held in the recreation room. And, of course, there were the formals, which everyone enjoyed.

Yes, this was definitely a growing year. Responsibility was laid upon these young shoulders and they accepted it eagerly. A few stumbles were made along the way but remember, Rome wasn't built in a day. With chins held high, they forged forward, and somewhere you could hear the melodic strains of "The sweetest mile you'll ever roam is the last mile home."

Could it possibly be the same girls were wearing blue bands, the distinctive mark of a senior? How time flies! The first opportunity to display their blue bands came on the day their little sisters arrived at V. B. H. Now just being students wasn't enough, they had to set a pattern for the younger students to look up to.

More new services started, the Accident room being the first. Eye, ear, nose and throat was next on the agenda. The last and newest service was the Recovery Room. Here we found the seniors humming softly "Wake up, wake up, you sleepy head."

With graduation nearing, these girls decided to increase their treasury to be able to publish their yearbook. They put on a bazaar, and a chicken supper. Much time and energy was spent on the yearbook, but it was all to be looked back on with a smile.

And at long last, graduation week with its hectic schedule, each day began with a tingle of expectation and ended with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

Yes, no doubt about it, they were three long years with much struggle and heartbreak, but this comes with growing up.

Now standing there receiving their diplomas, young women in white, they knew this is not an end, only a beginning. For they have found the way to use their knowledge and lives to the utmost. So look up to them proudly, for they are our future. The girls of yesterday, the women of tomorrow. Women in white.

"Out of This World"

F L A S H !!! We interrupt all bulletins to bring you news more startling than the Atom Bomb. In a small hospital located in Poughkeepsie, a city on the Hudson River, a discovery which rocked the medical profession on its heels was brought to light. A pill which would cause people to become invisible for a period of an hour is in its final stages of experimentation. Scientists from all over the world are rushing to this hospital. The first human experiment is being conducted on Saturday, May 5 at 2 p.m. A few of the world's top medical men are being chosen for this test. The place for this experiment shall be Old Tower, senior nurses' home. Even more startling news is the fact that men have never been allowed in this home. We shall keep you posted all during this experiment so keep your radio tuned in at all times. — F L A S H !!! Doctors Meyer, Perrino, Malvin and Crispell have just taken this miracle drug. They have begun the experiment. They are invisible.

Since the effects of this pill last only one hour, this tour necessarily must be short. As we hurry up to the second floor, we find Ellie Weinheimer scrubbing her floor with Clorox, Bink Scerebini pestering for a game of Canasta and Alice Medeck is sleeping with a radio blaring in her ear. Joan Andrews is doing up caps while Eileen House writes another endless letter. Bobby Reed has started her True Love story and Penny Marchman is laboriously knitting. From the phone booth comes the delighted voice of Evie Dobrydnio. Jeanne Somerville gazes soulfully at a picture on the bedside table while Ruthann Caul bones up on the latest O. R. technique. Our next stop is the third floor.

Here we find Shirley Dobbs feverishly working on a case study while Joan-Marie Greenhalgh kibitzes about everything in general. Kathy Castellano and Reggie Nowick are dressing for dates. In the meantime, Lil Strong tidies up the kitchen. Emma Jane McCord and Jean Abdoo are talking QUIETLY and Ellie Ackerman patiently sets her hair in rags. Elaine Swenson's room is empty—she has gone home but Joanie Williams is waiting—for the Voice. Through it all Marilyn Kearney sleeps contentedly.

We must hurry now, the drug is wearing off and we still have the fourth floor to traverse. Here we find Pat Kruse and Doris Tompkins wishing they had a cup of coffee while Joyce Wacker tries on a gown for the coming weekend at West Point. Thelma Rahm is laughing, as usual, at her own special joke and Ginny Sanchez is talking a blue streak to Rosemarie Becchetti, but I don't think she is listening by the far-away look in her eyes. Perhaps she doesn't even hear her.

The effects of the pill are beginning to wear off. Feet are showing, now pant legs, the speedy trip back to the ground landing is now in progress. Stay with me, folks, the third floor, the second floor, at last the bottom. The experiment was a success. Another medical triumph. No one saw those doctors touring the Senior Home.

"Bless This House"

V. B. H.



As you enter our hospital fair
The odor that greets you is beyond compare
For of course our ether is the best,
And its smell puts you completely at rest.
Our receptionist smiles from her small straight-backed chair
And if you look in the corner you'll find Jimmy there.
Then down the corridor we speed,
Past the Accident Room with its daily good deed,
For the cafeteria look this way
About this place, I have this to say:
In China, so the missionaries say, They eat Chop Suey every day.
In V. B. H. just once a week
We get this oriental treat.
Now forward, whoops, not to the morgue
Back up a step, all aboard.
The elevator just won't work,
It seems to have a nervous quirk.
So up the stairs to the second floor
Now get your breath for there's much more.
First X-Ray with its pictures galore
Then Physio with Mr. Hofstetter in the door.
Now if you're a gourmet and like to eat,
The Cupboard's the place where all friends meet.
Then past the offices and record room,
Where work and chatter dispel your gloom.
Oh, and just a word to the wise
Over there the nursing office lies.
Now up the stairs to the quietest floor,
So button your lip as we go through the door.
The sign says "No visitors allowed"
So you really ought to feel quite proud.
These quiet, white, antiseptic places
Are the operating rooms, see the masks on the faces.
The moans and the groans—what could it be?
It's only the delivery room, peek and you'll see.
Next in line is Nose and Throat
With Tonsils and Adenoids as big as a boat.
And now directly across the way,
Is the Recovery Room where patients sleep all day.
Everyone please adjust your Oxygen mask
Cause we're going to the top, which I promise is the last.
Next we find our efficient lab
With its test tubes and bottles—I fear I'd go mad.
Then up so high, because heaven's so close
We've placed our babies of which we boast.
The corridors and wards of course you know
Is where patients, doctors and nurses go.
Here comes the elevator—it must have had repairs
Thank Heavens we won't have to walk down the stairs.
I hope you've all enjoyed these tours
We're proud of our hospital—remember it's yours.



Prophecy of the Class of 1952

"Perhaps"

As we look through our crystal ball, we prophesy that in 1962, the class of 1952 shall govern Vassar Hospital.

We shall see as—

President of the Board of Trustees—Eileen House
Hospital Administrator—Barbara Scerebini
Chief of Staff—Dr. Doris Tompkins
Director of Nurses—Shirley Dobbs
Director of Nursing Education—Eleanor Ackerman
Supervisor of Supervisors—Ruthann Caul
Operating Supervisor—Carol Diamond
Obstetrical Supervisor—Elaine Swenson
Pediatric Supervisor—Dolores Stout
Medical Supervisor—Jeanne Somerville
Surgical Supervisor—Alice Medeck
Chief Dietitian—Joan Williams
Head of Internes—Jean Abdoo
Head of Laundry—Joan Andrews
Head of Power House—Emma Jane McCord
Night Watchman—Patricia Kruse
Ambulance Driver—Rosemarie Becchetti
Switch Board Operator—Virginia Sanchez
Head of Elevator Service—Evelyn Dobrydnio
Emergency Fire Chief—Eloise Weinheimer
Chief of Plumbers—Thelma Rahm
Central Supply—Patricia Marchman
Head of House Mothers—Lillian Strong
Charge of Delinquents—Barbara Reed
Chief Orderly—Joyce Wacker
Instructor of Ethics—Joan Marie Greenhalgh
Head of Store Room—Marilyn Kearney
Housekeeping Department—Regina Nowik
Chief of the Painting Dept.—Kathryn Castellano



" SKI TIME "



" Glamour girls "



" LETS EAT "



" Cheese "



" Sleepy Time gals "



" Christmas 1950 "

"While we're young"



*Around our
Hospital*



SCHRAUTH'S
ICE CREAM

SINCE 1866

*"Every
Flavor
Meets
With
Favor"*



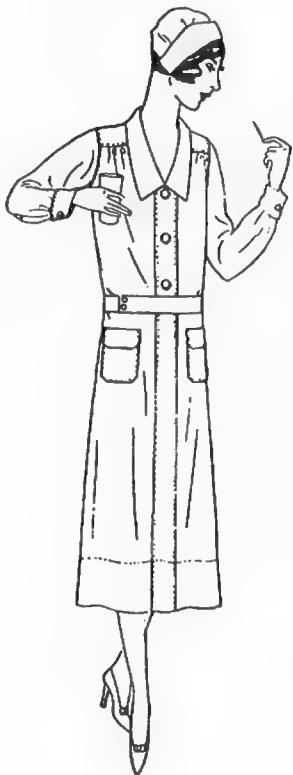
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To Our Neighbors
at Vassar Hospital

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POUGHKEEPSIE

SAN FRANCISCO



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wish to extend our sincere best
wishes for your future success.

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Alumnae Association

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General Building Contractors

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POUGHKEEPSIE
NEW YORK

Rahm—"Sometimes I think my boyfriend is tired of me".
Tompkins—"Why?"
Rahm—"He hasn't written in five years".

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*and
Best Wishes
for a
Happy
and
Successful
Career*

CHARLES J. HUTMACKER

COMPLIMENTS OF

A FRIEND

DEFINITION:— Parasite—A man who goes through a revolving door on your push.

DIAMONDS

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"All Right".

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REGATTA ROOM

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DEFINITION:— Red Corpuscle—A Russian noncommissioned officer.

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the Graduates of* **1952**

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Nick Beni

ANCHOR INN

Italian Restaurant

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Please don't flap your ears on the way out."

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A FRIEND

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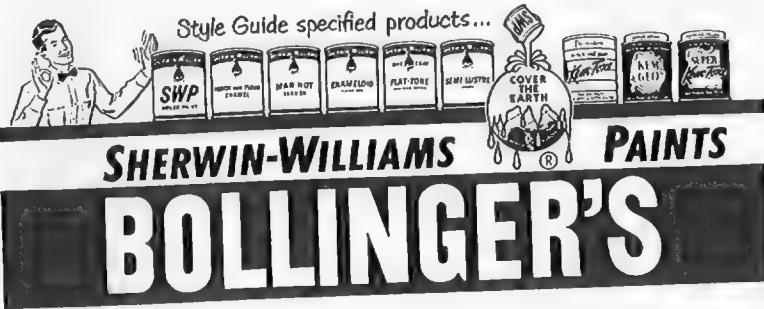
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